Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.

*Gaunt*. Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens substitute
His Deputy annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.

*Dut*. Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?

*Gaun*. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

*Dut*. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our Cosin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be *Mowbrayes* sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

*Gau*. Sister fare well; I must to Coventry,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

*Dut*. Yet one word more. Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownesse, but weight.
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickely goe,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plesshie* visite me.
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,





Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels every where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.*

*Mar*. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

*Aum*. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in,

*Mar*. The Duke of Norfolke, sprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.

*Au*. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

*Flourish.*

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, and others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.*

*Rich*. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall here in Armes:
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar*. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely, on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

*Mow*. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Ag ainst the Duke of Hereford, that appeales me.